And what's in my system

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And what's in my system

by Flightless_Bird

Summary

""“All right,” he said aloud, forcing that line of thought away. “If you're sure.”
Will chuckled, leaning in to place a kiss on Hannibal's cheek. “Don't overthink it,” he advised, close to Hannibal's ear, voice dropped to that low, near-gravelly pitch he used when he was teasing, and Hannibal was surprised by the feeling that crawled pleasantly down his spine.”

Or: As they start to move into their new place, Hannibal realizes that he might've always been attracted to more than just Will's mind.

Notes

I wrote this in one day, and it is your usual “hannigram running away and finally getting their shit together” fic only it's the book boys!

Set after “and i knew youd come back for me” but can be read alone if you want.

Title inspired by Glitch by Taylor Swift because i listened to it on repeat while I wrote this. This was pretty self-indulgent so I hope you like it haha

If you liked it, please consider leaving a comment; they always make me happy and I love hearing from you. If you wanna leave a suggestion for another fanfic, feel free to as well! I'm up for hearing new ideas :)

Thank you for reading and I hope you enjoy :3

The first time it crossed Hannibal's mind was actually when they moved in.

The apartment was on the smaller side, temporary, and beautifully situated to overlook the quiet city streets. Everything was going as planned—until they reached the bedroom. *The* bedroom. Singular.

Much like the bed.

Hannibal realized he'd never checked this with Will when he'd made the accommodations, and he felt his mouth go dry as he halted in the doorway. They'd have to share the bed. Sleeping next to each other. *I've never slept with Will*, he thought, and the double meaning of the words had only just occurred to him when the rattle of Will's suitcase wheels jerked him back to the current moment.

"What're you looking at?" Will shouldered the door open further, squeezing into the doorway next to him.

Their shoulders bumped together and while Hannibal didn't pull away, he did feel suddenly guilty of his thoughts. "Ah, well," he began, "I've neglected to ask for more than one bed…"

Will blinked, glancing from the offending bed to Hannibal again. "Oh. Is that a problem?"

Hannibal's eyebrows rose. "Isn't it?"

"I mean, I kinda assumed we'd be sharing," Will admitted, gaze dropping down and away shyly.

Hannibal's mind ran this over a few times, to be sure that he'd heard it correctly. Will wanted to share a bed. Will wanted to sleep with him—er, well, sleep *next to* him. Although, now that he thought about it, Hannibal did wonder if Will had given thought to…

"All right," he said aloud, forcing that line of thought away. "If you're sure."

Will chuckled, leaning in to place a kiss on Hannibal's cheek. "Don't overthink it," he advised, close to Hannibal's ear, voice dropped to that low, near-gravelly pitch he used when he was teasing, and Hannibal was surprised by the feeling that crawled pleasantly down his spine.

Luckily, Will had already moved away to pull his things into the room and Hannibal didn't have to confront this yet.

He did get hung up on the sleeping arrangements again that night, when he stepped out of the bathroom from a shower and caught sight of Will already in bed. His back was to him, shoulder rising and falling steadily as he breathed slow, dozing breaths. For a second or two, Hannibal was caught with the curve of Will's shoulder under his T-shirt, and the shorter red-brown hair at the nape of his neck. He wondered how soft it would be to the touch. Then he snapped out of it and crossed the room to the bedside.

He only paused once before climbing in, carefully keeping space between them. The absurdity of his behavior wasn't lost on him; only days prior, he'd kissed Will on a moonlit beach and promised him a life together. Now, he felt an invisible barrier keeping him away, as though he was in danger of breaching some unspoken rule. He wasn't sure if Will—

He heard an exasperated sigh behind him, and then, heartrendingly, Will's arm around his waist. Hannibal's breath caught, as he felt Will's chest warm against his back and the ghost of breath over his neck. He didn't know if he should accept this or pull away. After all, he hadn't been held while he slept since he was eight and—

"Goodnight," Will mumbled sleepily into Hannibal's hair. His breaths slowed again, each one against Hannibal now.

"Goodnight, Will," Hannibal murmured back, finding that he didn't have it in him to protest anymore.

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The second time it happened was much more…potent.

They'd settled into their current home nicely, mostly unpacked now. Hannibal was in the main room of the apartment, placing books in a bookshelf near the window. He faltered at the sound of Will's voice calling from the bedroom:

"Hey, Hannibal, can you come here for a sec?"

Setting down the book he'd been holding, Hannibal made his way toward the room. He spoke as he pushed the cracked door open wider, taking a step inside. "What do you—?" The words dissolved on his tongue.

Because Will was standing across the room, by the closet, in nothing but jeans sitting low on his hips. His back was to Hannibal as he rifled through the closet, and he didn't seem to notice the current crisis he was sending Hannibal into. He only spared a distracted glance over his shoulder. "I can't find that one shirt—the dark blue one?" he explained. "Do you know where it is?"

"I'm not sure," Hannibal said faintly. It was occurring to him in incredible clarity right now that he had never seen Will shirtless. He'd imagined it, during nights in his cell and even before, when Will had sat across from him in his dining room years ago. But it wasn't this. His gaze followed the lines of Will's shoulder blades, the bend of muscle in his back reminding him of Will's old work as a mechanic. A handful of moles were sun-splattered across his back. Hannibal wanted to trace them with his fingertips.

He realized he was staring, and even though Will couldn't see him, he straightened up and cleared his throat. "Have you tried looking—?"

Will turned to face him expectantly, one hand still on the closet door. Hannibal was greeted by the sight of his scar climbing down from his ribcage to the opposite hipbone. His jeans were low enough for the entire length of it to be visible and Hannibal lost his voice for the second time that day.

He was acting foolishly and he knew it. But he'd only given proper thought to Will romantically before, not sexually, not really, since there'd been bars between them for most of their time knowing each other. It was becoming apparent to him now that the possibility of knowing Will in that way was *much* closer than it'd ever been.

"You okay?" Will asked suddenly, breaking Hannibal back to the present. Will was giving him this look, the corner of his mouth quirked up amusedly.

"Yes, fine," Hannibal answered too quickly. "Let me check in the laundry, which shirt was it again?" His words were scrambling out of him and it was taking too much effort to maintain eye contact. He felt like a teenager in front of his crush.

Realization dawned on Will's expression and he was the one to look away first, blushing. "Um," he rubbed the back of his neck, a bashful smile playing across his lips, "dark blue one, long sleeves. I wore it to therapy once."

His jeans were still too low, undone actually, and Hannibal was suddenly struck by the want to sink his hands in around Will's hips, maybe taste the line of his collarbone as he…

"I'll look for it," he announced before he could get any farther into his distractions.

He almost stumbled over the threshold on his way out, and thought he heard Will laugh a bit as he did.

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The third time was the one he always thought of after.

Hannibal sat in bed, against pillows piled against the headboard, a book in his hands. He'd been steadily working through rereading the ones in his collection. This was one of the last though. He'd have to remember to buy something new the next time they went out. As he turned the next page, he glimpsed Will in his peripheral vision, entering the room with a yawn. He almost didn't look up, but when Will began to round the bed to his usual side, he recognized the flash of black fabric.

Will was wearing his sweater.

It was one that was technically too large for Hannibal and was a little snug around Will's shoulders. He'd been meaning to return or donate it, but seeing the sleeves sitting too-long over Will's hands made him immediately reconsider.

Will was wearing his sweater. And just his sweater, with dark grey boxer briefs contrasting prettily with his legs, and Hannibal was decidedly not reading anymore.

Will's hair was still shower-damp, sticking up a little in the front in that tousled way it always did, no matter what he tried. When he climbed into bed beside Hannibal, he brought with him the faint scent of steam and soap. Hannibal focused on banishing every image of Will in the shower from his head before he gave himself away.

"Hey," Will greeted casually, affectionately, the way someone greets their lover after a long day, and leaned across the mattress to touch a kiss to Hannibal's lips, and Hannibal was *reeling*.

This close, he could smell the warmth of Will's skin, his shampoo, Hannibal's own cologne from the sweater mingling with Will's scent underneath, and it was all too much and not nearly enough. Will was pulling back already, and Hannibal brought a hand up to the back of his head, pressing their lips together again. Will hummed in delight, kissing him back readily. *Oh, sweet thing.*

Will's hand was cradling his jaw now, and it reminded Hannibal of their kiss on the beach, heated and slow. He remembered Will across the room when he'd been searching for his shirt, all bare skin and soft smile. His heartbeat jumped with the white-hot realization: *I* want *him*.

Tentatively, giving room for objection, Hannibal planted his hand on Will's chest and pushed him back. He guided him down against the pillows and, heart somewhere up his throat, hooked a leg over his waist to straddle him. Will let out a tiny gasp, prompting Hannibal to break the kiss, blinking down at him questioningly. Will was gazing up at him wide-eyed, the twist of his scar outlined against the pink rising in his face.

Hannibal wetted his lips. "Is this okay?"

Something like a sigh left Will's chest and he reached up, fisting a hand in the front of Hannibal's shirt. "Get down here," he rasped, and Hannibal met him halfway.

This kiss was much different from their one on the beach now, Will parting his lips eagerly at the first hint of Hannibal's tongue, teeth grazing his lip. He sat up to slip his hands under Hannibal's shirt, fingers splayed over his sides. His palms weren't as rough at they'd once been from work, but the slide of them still sent a pleasant buzz along Hannibal's skin. Experimentally, he rolled his hips down against Will's. Growling against him, Will grabbed him by the thighs, *steering* his body into grinding against Will's, and Hannibal was surprised by how much that wound him up.

His breath hitched, hands shaky as he slid them up Will's back under his sweater. He remembered wanting to feel his shoulders, the subtle curve of his lower back, and he did now, listening to Will's breathing quicken under his touch. His fingers grazed over Will's stomach on the way up to smooth his palms over his chest, the sweater bunching up between them.

"Take it off," Will gasped, and lifted his arms as Hannibal obeyed, peeling the sweater up and off.

Dropping it somewhere on the bed behind them, Hannibal ran his hands and his eyes down over Will's shoulders, his chest, his stomach; Will shivered under the attention, and Hannibal wanted to make him do it again. Will's skin was hot to the touch when Hannibal pushed him down to the mattress again and mouthed down his throat.

"*Oh*," Will managed, already sounding overwhelmed, holding Hannibal by the shoulders.

Hannibal grinned into the crook of his neck. "Speechless already?" he teased, lips brushing skin with each word.

"Shut up," Will grumbled.

Instead of talking back, Hannibal found his way to Will's collarbone, noting the two moles near the base of his throat, and kissed along it. Without warning, he bit down, hard enough to leave indents with his teeth but not drawing blood. The noise that tore out of Will and the clenching of his fingers in the back of Hannibal's shirt sent a shudder down Hannibal's spine. He tasted the memory of shower steam from Will's chest and the fast jumping of his heartbeat.

"I wasn't sure if—if you wanted this," Will stammered out breathlessly. "Wanted me like this, I mean."

There was a hint of some old hurt in his words, and Hannibal vowed to make him forget it. "Oh, Will, darling," he murmured into Will's skin, "I've wanted you since—" Instead of finishing verbally, he ran his tongue along Will's scar, beginning at his ribs. By the time he'd made it to the end at Will's hip, Will was arching up into him, fingers curling into Hannibal's hair as he groaned. Hannibal wondered headily if he could drive Will to orgasm from this alone, Hannibal's mouth on the places he'd ripped him open before.

He waited until Will had glanced down at him again, meeting his eyes from under his lashes as he bent lower and traced the outline of his cock with his tongue, dragging over the fabric of his underwear. Will *choked*, turning his face away, flushed and wanting and perfect.

"Do you want this?" Hannibal asked even though he knew, hooking his fingers around Will's waistband.

"*God*, yes," Will panted, voice thrumming with it.

Hannibal only sat up far enough to pull Will's underwear down and off, spreading his legs apart to duck back between them. He could hear the roughness in Will's breaths hitch higher into a whine when Hannibal licked over him, and he gripped Will's hips to keep him steady. The idea that Will would lose himself so completely to Hannibal had him aching. He didn't wait to take Will into his mouth, down far enough on the first slide to tease the back of his throat, and Will—god—Will cried out, muscles locking up for a moment.

"Oh, your *mouth*," Will whimpered, and Hannibal knew he was thinking of all the blood that had spilled between Hannibal's teeth.

He moved, nearly completely off of him before sinking back down, then up again, tongue along the underside of Will's cock until he could circle it around the tip. Will clutched at his hair hard enough to hurt, then carded his fingers through it apologetically, gasping and mewling above him as his hips shook in Hannibal's hands. He was crumbling, and Hannibal marveled at the beautiful, wrecked sight of him. He could tell by the twitch of Will's body under himself that Will was holding back and he pulled away long enough to speak. "Don't hold back, love. You can use me as you want."

"*Hannibal*," Will moaned, and Hannibal needed to hear his name like that again.

He took Will down his throat again and Will was rocking his hips up into him now, Hannibal guiding him as he fucked into his mouth, and Hannibal hadn't expected it to spike heat through him as much as it did. Will's fingers were buried in his hair, racing pinpricks of wonderful pain along his scalp, his body moving jerkily under Hannibal, the *sounds* he was making— He turned his face away again, eyes shut and brow furrowed, lips parted as his chest heaved. Hannibal couldn't imagine why Will would've ever thought that Hannibal wouldn't want him like this. He was gorgeous, lamplight sheening on him as he gasped out *oh god please please Hannibal I—*

Hannibal let his teeth scrape over him and Will hit the edge, spilling over Hannibal's tongue and sobbing out his name again. Hannibal held him through it, waiting for the jittering of Will's body to slow before he pulled off of him. His own breaths came raggedly, dark hair falling into his eyes, mussed by Will's hands. He raised his eyes to Will's face again, heart fluttering at the sight of tears glittering among the blue of his irises. The simple realization that Will cried during sex sent a surge of affection into his chest. Will met his gaze, hair pillow-messy, and shoulders slumping as he came back down to earth, and he was the most beautiful thing Hannibal had ever seen.

He must have said it aloud, because Will smiled tiredly, reaching down for him. "C'mere."

Hannibal let himself be pulled up by the shoulder of his shirt, pulse jolting when Will kissed him, licking the taste of himself from Hannibal's tongue. It had Hannibal planting one hand against the headboard to steady himself. He was already close, just from seeing Will chasing his orgasm so desperately, and the breath was punched out of him when Will pushed his hand into his pants.

"*Will*," he rasped hoarsely, as Will's fingers wrapped around him, thumb trailing along his cock. "You don't have t—"

"It's okay," Will hushed. "I have you. Let me have you."

Hannibal wanted to melt into him. *Completely, entirely, anytime.*

Will was leaning over to reach into the bedside drawer and when he pulled out the bottle of lube, Hannibal felt his eyes widen slightly. *How long has that been there? Was it just his or had he always planned—?*

His thoughts were cut off by the touch of Will's hand on him again, slick and just rough enough. Hannibal let the headboard take part of his weight, bowing over Will as he hesitantly

moved into Will's touch. It had been so long since he'd let anyone even—

Will's other hand on his neck, fingers spread across it as he thumbed over the racing beat of his pulse. "God, look at you," he murmured. "You're gorgeous."

Hannibal was shocked by the whine he let out, arms trembling as he held himself up and began fucking into Will's hand in earnest now. The way Will looked at him, oceanic eyes glazed over and tear tracks staining his cheeks, as he worked Hannibal closer and closer to falling apart, was too much. Will leaned up a bit, pulling Hannibal down to whisper huskily next to his ear, "*I love you.*"

Hannibal bit down into his bottom lip as he came in Will's hand, jerking forward, his voice muffled to a soft *mm!* against his teeth. His forehead bumped into Will's, and Will let him rest it there as shivers ran through him.

When his muscles finally started to unwind again, Hannibal exhaled shakily, opening his eyes to find Will still watching him; when their gazes caught, Will pushed Hannibal's hair back from his forehead out of his eyes. Hannibal glanced down, noticing with a rush of self-consciousness the mess he'd made of them.

"I'm sorry," he said automatically between catching his breath.

"Do *not* apologize," Will murmured. He kissed Hannibal again, deep and lingering, the swipe of his tongue over Hannibal's teeth coiling more heat up in Hannibal's stomach. "You were wonderful, fuck, Hannibal."

Hannibal brushed his nose against Will's. "I love you too," he admitted softly, because he hadn't said it.

Will's eyes glowed, and he stroked his thumb over Hannibal's cheek. "Say it again?" he asked in a whisper.

Hannibal felt as though his ribs ached with the weight of all he felt for him in that moment. "I love you, Will," he told him as solemnly as a promise, and Will seemed to sigh as he heard it.

Later, after they'd cleaned up and gotten themselves back under the covers, Hannibal pulled Will close and pressed their foreheads together again. He admired the looseness in Will's limbs now, and the way he turned his cheek into the pillow to half-hide his coy smile. *What could I have done to deserve something like you?*

"Why did you think I wouldn't want you?" Hannibal asked, quiet in the dark.

Will shrugged with one shoulder, fingers drawing circles over Hannibal's collarbone. "You never initiated anything. I thought you might've just wanted what we had before. And I know I'm…" Trailing off, he gestured vaguely at the twisting slash nudging up under his eye.

Lifting his hand, Hannibal cupped Will's cheek and followed the jagged knife-work with the pad of his thumb. It hooked into the corner of Will's mouth and Hannibal kept going, tracing Will's lower lip. Will closed his eyes. "I don't want you thinking that again," Hannibal said simply. Then he lowered his voice. "Nothing could mar you to me, Will. If anything, I find you all the more beautiful."

Will laughed, and it sounded like there might've been more tears tangled up in it. He pressed his cheek into Hannibal's palm, the first time he'd encouraged prolonged touch against that side of his face. "You sure know how to charm a guy," he chuckled, in the tone he might've used to say *thank you.*

Hannibal shifted forward to rest his lips briefly against Will's forehead. "Of course I do," he joked back.

Instead of replying, Will tucked himself up under Hannibal's chin, wrapping his arm around his waist and nuzzling into his chest. There was a time when Hannibal might have rejected the idea of himself accepting that kind of affection again. Now, he tilted into it, running his hand up and down Will's back until sleep drifted down over them in the silence.

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